



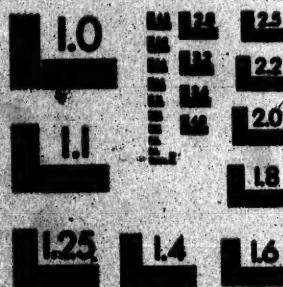
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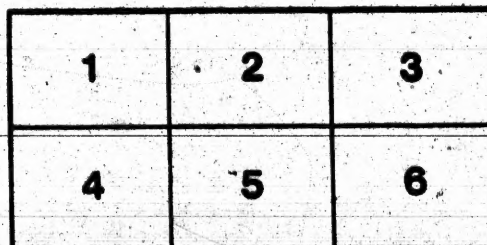
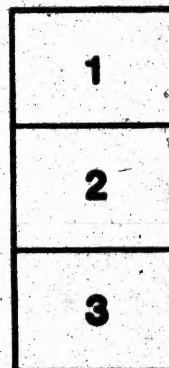
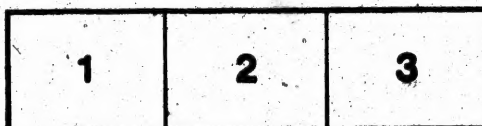
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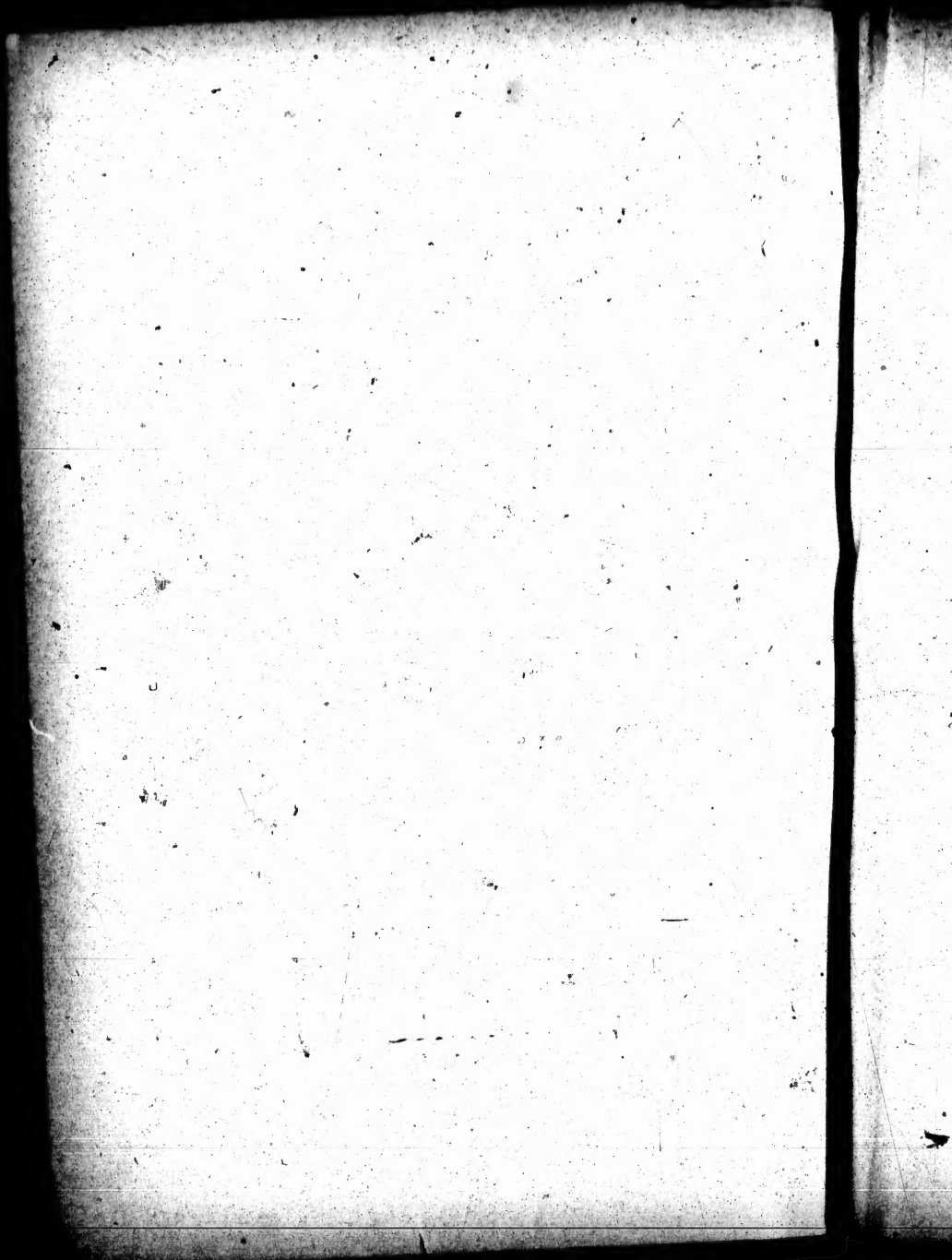
SONGS OF THE EVENING.

Respectfully Dedicated to the
Young People's Society of
Christian Endeavor
Interprovincial Convention
Ottawa, 1896.

BY J. A. MURPHY.

CONVENTION
8TH TO 9TH OCTOBER.

PRESS OF
MORTIMER & CO.



SONGS OF THE EVENING

A VOLUME OF ORIGINAL VERSE

Respectfully Dedicated to the Y. P. S. C. E.
Interprovincial Convention
Ottawa, 1896.

BY J. A. MURPHY.

OTTAWA:
MORTIMER & CO.
1896

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year
one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, by J. A. MURRAY,
at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

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To J. A. Willison, Esq.

"The Globe,"

with compliments of

J. A. Murphy

Ottawa, Oct. 16, '96.

SONGS OF THE EVENING.

THE EVENING STAR.

"Burning, yet not consumed."

'Tis evening, and the shadows
Are lengthening o'er the lea,
Above the ripening meadows,
And on the sunlit sea ;
But soon the sunlight, fading
From out the golden West,
Reveals the Star of Evening,
With fire upon his crest.

Short time doth Hesperus lighten
The gloom that folds Earth 'round,
Or Luna's faint beams brighten
With silvery sheen the ground,
When swift the darkness cometh
From caverns of the deep ;
From Stygian vale it loometh,
Where sombre gnomes do sleep.

Bring on the day of battle,
O blood-red Evening Star !
Loud let the thunder rattle,
And lightnings gleam from far !
Nation shall rise 'gainst nation
To war o'er all the Earth :
To-day the preparation—
To-morrow, victory's birth !

Long sleeps the British Lion,
In quiet, 'neath restraints ;
Long keeps the King of Zion,
The patience of His saints :
Till, out of tribulation
And torment of their woes,
Arise the conflagration
That shall consume His foes.

Within each heart it burneth,
As fire on altar pan,
Till into one it turneth
The many minds of man :
Then Turk, and Russian tyrant,
Shall tremble in their place,
And he, o'er kings aspirant,
Confused shall hide his face.

Then with one heart the nation
Shall turn toward Zion's hill,
And, as at the creation,
God's glory earth shall fill.
No more, from horror's fountain,
Shall sound forth war's alarm ;
In all Thy holy mountain
Naught shall defile or harm :

For all shall know Thee, Father,
Thy righteous law maintain,
And learn Thy precepts rather
Than seek for selfish gain.
No more, in fane or temple,
Shall earth-born lords proclaim
Their mission to the simple,
O Father, in Thy name !

No more shall giant Evil
Stalk boldly o'er the Good,
Nor, from her haunts primeval,
Sin rear her serpent brood.
Truth, nurtured in Time's prison,
Rock'd by the strong and brave,
Shall spring from gates Elysian,
Arm'd with all power to save.

No more the ~~Latin~~ leopard
Shall lead th' unreasoning throng :
One throne, one fold, one Shepherd,
To Whom of right belong
The glory and the power,
The wisdom and the grace,
To guide in every hour
The feet of pilgrim race :

Unto Whose praise eternal
Shall all who love Him sing ;
While, throughout space supernal,
Triumphal echoes ring.
O that the joy and gladness
Might spread o'er all the Earth !
And sorrow, doubt and sadness
Be chang'd to glee and mirth !

O first and last of mornings !
O dawn so chaste and bright !
Sweet balm for earthly longings,
When faith is lost in sight !
Blest prospect, never failing,
Pure source of peace and bliss ;
To know that all our waiting
Shall end in joy like this !

TO THE HUMMING-BIRD.

VOICELESS child of melody,
Making music as you fly !
Ever seeming on the wing,
As a spirit journeying
Tireless up the steepy road
To the home of blest abode !

Swift of flight,—of sight as keen
As the lucid light serene !
Visitor beneath the pine,
Where your glittering garments shine
Like a shaft of jewelled light,
Every ray with gems bedight !

Still thou lingerest here awhile,
Our dull vision to beguile
With thy dress of gold and green,
Fit attire for Indian queen !
Raiment which thou first didst don
By the banks of Amazon !

Late at even, ere the Sun
Hath his daily circle run,

Ere he sinks in weeping West,
Shoots e'en an arrow at thy breast,
Kindling there a ruddier glow—
Then hides the horizon below !

Thou, bereft of warmth and light,
Frett'st not at the fleeting night ;
But, betimes, when Sun is gone,
Fly'st to meet him at the dawn :
When we see the East aglow,
Thou art greeting him, we know !

Thou a poem art of life,
Ever with the world at strife,
Seeking still thine own sweet will ;
Probing ever with thy bill,
All that adds unto the measure
Of thy honey'd store of pleasure !

Morning glory, eglantine,
Honeysuckle, jessamine,
Thistle proud, and blushing rose,
And every beauteous flower that blows—
All contribute to thy store,
Yet thou seekest ever more !

Emblem of humanity,
Chanting still thy monody !

Echo of all minstrelsy !
Figure of the soul set free !
Ever present, ever far,
Like the mystic polar star !

Messenger from sunnier skies,
Sent to teach our faith to rise !
Feast our eyes and chase our tears ;
Drive away our brooding fears
Of the winter's chilling blast,
When the summer 's fled and past.

Thou art for eternity !
Such as thou canst scarcely die !
And the Hand that feedeth thee
Shall not, sure, forgetful be
Of the larger wants of man,
Who fulfils Creation's plan.

THE ARK OF SAFETY.

HUSH'D was the solemn voice that bade
The people to the Ark repair :
For six score years they, scornful, had
Refused its warnings and its prayer.

How eager then—when falls the night,
And lurid lightnings 'lume the sky,
And thunderings fill their hearts with fright—
They to the only refuge fly!

The door is closed! and in the dark
Confusion smites them, and dismay:—
“Is there no refuge but this Ark?
Or must we perish ere the day?”

“Open the door and let us in!
Ah, now thy message we believe!
The floods compel us!—O our sin!
Can nought for us the past retrieve?”

Whilst loudly thus they moan and cry,
The surging waters round them sweep,
And but the leaden clouds reply,
With echoes from the sounding deep!

As in the days of Noah, when
The Ark rode safely o'er the wave,
So soon the New Jerusalem
Shall come, the faithful few to save.

Probation soon for us must close—
Then swift shall fall the fearful death!
Unless we in God's Ark repose,
And enter in to Christ through faith.

TO W. M.

THOU who didst love so well,
Hast widow'd been?
Bound by life's subtlest spell,
Life's end hath seen?

Now, to all pleasure dead,
Pain hast thou spurn'd?
Heart hungry, has thy bread
To ashes turn'd?

True to thy bosom's core,
Why dost thou fret?
That she, who is no more,
Hath thy love yet?

Could it be other, friend?
Love cannot die!
God doth such comfort send
Down from the sky!

See thou the stars at night
Shine blissfully,
Shedding their sad, sweet light
Eternally!

So shall this purer flame,
Lit from above,
All the wild passions tame
In thy first love :

Cleansing, if in its rays
Aught dark there lie,
That, brighter with her praise,
Each spark shall fly :

Till the small silver stream
Fed from the hill,
In sunlit valley seem
A golden rill.

Hallow'd be then the day
Of this thy loss;
If thou in faith canst pray,
"Purge me from dross !

"Perfect Thy work of grace
In my poor heart :
Provide us still a place,
No more to part !"

A PRAYER FOR ARMENIA.

*"Who heareth the needy when he crieth, the poor also,
and him that hath no helper."*

Our Father ! Who from heaven afar
Beholdest where thy children are,
Serene above each shining star,
For aye the same !

God of Armenia ! while we raise
Our voice to Thee, in these dread days,
O help us from our hearts to praise
Thy hallowed name !

King of Armenia ! by Whose might
The nations rule in equal right,
We cry to Thee, in this dark night,
Thy kingdom come !

Armenia's Sovereign ! Lord of all,
Hear now the helpless on Thee call :
When on the Turk Thy judgments fall,
Thy will be done !

O Christ ! by Heaven and Earth ador'd !
Gird on Thy thigh Thy glittering sword !

Let not Thy blood, for sinners pour'd,
Be shed in vain !
Give us this day our daily bread ;
Forgive our sins, nor on our head
Let lay the blood of martyr'd dead
By Moslem slain !

God of our fathers ! who shall dare
To urge with shame such treason rare,
As, "for a *time*," "their *lives* to spare,"
Men *turn from Thee* !

Lead us not in temptation's way ;
Deliver us in evil day ;
For Thine the glory, rule, and sway
Eternally !

A PRAYER FOR LIGHT.

JESUS, Thou Son of God !
Saviour of men !
Shed now Thy love abroad,
Even as when—
High upon Calvary's side,
Mock'd, bleeding, scourg'd and tried—
Thou for our ransom died,
And rose again !

Lord, we would walk with Thee ;
Be Thou our Guide
Over life's troubled sea,
Thro' every tide—
Over the harbor bar,
Where the wild billows are—
When heaven seems afar,
Stay by our side !

Earth can poor comfort give,
Even at best :
In Thee alone we live,
In Thee we rest ;
Thou art our God and King !
Of Thy great love we sing !
O may Thy Spirit bring
Peace to our breast !

Friend of the sinner, Friend
Of all who pray !
Out from Thy glory send
Light on our way !
Lighten each gloomy part,
Lift up each weary heart,
And to each soul impart
Heaven's bright ray !

REST FOUND ONLY IN ACTION.

A little boon, O Lord, I crave :
O grant my heart its needed rest !
'Tis said, "There's rest beyond the grave,"
But cruel is th' untimely jest.

Give me to know Thy gracious will,
Clear knowledge of Thyself impart,
That so my soul may drink its fill
Of Life, which Thou the Giver art !

How may I comprehend the way
Of wicked men, so flourishing,
Who never unto Thee do pray,
Nor ever of Thy sweet love sing ?

'Thou look'st with Thine all-seeing Eye
Upon the evil and the good :
Our thoughts are born of jealousy,
And envy whelms us as a flood.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Wherein dwells peace and charity ;—
"O weary soul, with self at strife,
Cease thy complaining, and be free !

"My line thro'out all the earth hast gone,
'Thou canst not miss it if thou would :
Thy heart can ne'er find rest upon
Aught other ground, but doing good."

Endearments
Are invited.



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